The
COMMONWEAL

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Equality of Sacrifice

DELEGATES representing 534,000 members of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, the largest union in defense industry, by a vote of 9 to 1 and after six hours of debate, accepted the "Victory through Equality of Sacrifice" program, submitted by the union's international executive board. This document unconditionally binds the automobile, aircraft and agricultural implement workers to four specific sacrifices for the duration of the war: (1) no double pay except for a seventh consecutive working day; (2) no strikes; (3) "We commit ourselves to the increase of production of all war materials to the utmost, by all means available, by collective and individual effort"; (4) the acceptance of whatever schedules are necessary to operate twenty-four hours seven days a week. All this represents a very real contribution to the American war effort.

But the *suggested* UAW program is much more significant than that *accepted,* in what it reveals between the lines. It clearly indicates the sort of economic set-up UAW leaders would consider nearer to their hearts' desire. Nine measures are suggested, and a pledge is given that if these measures are adopted, "we agree that all wages for time over forty hours per week shall be paid in the form of non-negotiable special defense bonds." These nine measures cover a lot of ground. (1) A rigid ceiling on profits. "All corporate earnings over 3 percent to revert to the government." (2) "No wartime luxuries and no post-war millionaires." This would include a rigid ceiling on personal and family incomes, limiting them to $25,000 per year. (3) "An immediate, rigid fixing of prices on all necessities." (4) Immediate "rationing of all food, clothing, housing and other necessities." (5) "Adjustment of wages to meet increased living costs." (6) A guaranteed living wage to dependents of all men and women in the armed services. (7) A moratorium on debts for those in armed forces or unemployed through conversion of industry. (8) Official cognizance of labor's suggestions to increase war production. (9) "There should immediately be created an agency, composed of representatives of government, labor, industry and agriculture, which will make plans for post-war adjustment."

It is the first two points which indicate what the UAW's leaders think about capital and management's just share of wealth. It is probable that the figures they set—3 percent and $25,000 per year—have been set low, as contributing to "equality of sacrifice," but it is equally probable that they approve both for peace and war a ceiling on the wages of money and the incomes of the rich or the talented. Obviously they repudiate the traditional notion that it is perfectly proper to buy as cheap as you can and sell as dear as the market will stand, and they repudiate the other notion, that a man is entitled to make as handsome a living as he can extract from society.

A rigorous analysis of these proposals would take far more space than is here available. Yet it may be said in general that the idea of a ceiling on incomes and capital returns is by no means one to be angrily dismissed as "socialist nonsense." It is certainly not socialist, and it may in the end prove to be the only viable way to prevent the liberty and diversity we all wish to save for the world from dissolving in greed to form the worst tyranny of all—the irresponsible tyranny of concentrated wealth and oligarchical power.

Native Born 2.

IF ACTION by which a nation in time of stress seeks to eliminate every element that can endanger its unity is essentially legitimate and natural, there are certain restraints to such action peculiar to each nation and which define the character of each nation. These restraints depend on a wide range of considerations—from the formulae and fears of some complicated witchcraft to reasoned and spiritually informed principles of national morality. Characterizing the American nation, and habitually restraining it from certain arbitrary action, is our central insistence on the equal dignity and equal rights of every citizen before the law.

Indisputably in California, and elsewhere in

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the Pacific zone, the American citizens—of Japanese ancestry—who are being removed from their homes and conducted to forced residence at the foot of some Mount McKinley are being treated in a manner to which other American citizens—of no matter what alien origin—are entirely unaccustomed. With what distress or in what spirit of comprehension these citizens have entered a concentration camp is not here under discussion. The fact simply is that a certain group of American citizens are suffering exceptional treatment.

There is not the slightest mystery as to the reasons for this fact. Of the Americans whose parents came to this country from those with which we are at war, these Americans, alone, are individualized by outward appearance. If Americans of German ancestry all grew red beards, if Americans of Italian ancestry were all smooth and hairless, they too would frighten children, cops and Californians. They too would all look alike; corporately they too would be suspect; in them, too, detection of individual disloyalty, proof of personal fidelity would seem impossible to secure.

The authorities who ordered these Americans to leave their homes have yielded to the primitive fear of that which is different, impersonal and impenetrable. They have recognized that citizenship can fail to hold the primacy over race which the ideals of this country assign to it.

But having said this we say again that this fear, this injustice, this betrayal of the enduring aim of our country to achieve a democracy which will cancel the accident of race are no more than the hasty and natural reactions of a nation at war. They are legitimate only in so far as they are considered, by those in charge of the nation's defense, to be immediately necessary.

War Aim I: a League

THE Easter week sessions of the Catholic Association for International Peace reflect an assumption made by nearly every analyst of the post-war problem: that there must be some effective form of international organization to enforce a just and lasting peace. This is the conviction of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace and of most of the participants in the National Peace Conference.

People, generally, are wondering how order can be restored to the world, how a decent living can be assured to families on every continent, and pressure of destitution and persecution be prevented, how peoples can be protected from further colonial exploitation, from concentration camps, from torture and starvation, from religious and racial persecution, from being swept once more into total war with all its cruelties. How can peace principles such as those outlined by Pius XII or in the Atlantic Charter be realized and persist in actuality without the suitable instruments for implementing and maintaining them?

Once this is admitted, a league of some sort follows inevitably. Yet the war continually brings such major changes that it is impossible today to say much more than that there must be some sort of effective international organization in which the United States will play an active part. This implies giving up considerable national sovereignty to the international body. Whether much of this power (with sanctions to be carried out by international armies, navies and air forces) would be vested in some regional grouping such as the Americas, which in turn would limit its independence of action for the good of the world organization, remains to be determined.

As George Shuster remarked at the CAIP conference, European and other nationalisms have markedly heightened during this present war. And here in the United States fear will grow that adherence to another Article X will involve us in future wars. Achieving the surrender of some national sovereignty all around will be one of the thorniest of the many problems in building up a new international organization. Perhaps in time the smaller powers can be brought to see that the very existence of larger powers on their borders is in fact an even greater limitation on their sovereignty than that of any international federation. Not the least of the difficulties facing the organizers of such a federation will be to fix the degree of national—and of regional—sovereignty to be retained.

All-out effort by the whole American people is required for victory at arms in this war, but we cannot win the war unless we also win the peace. It is clear today that we can no longer comport ourselves as a nation apart. The fear of being dragged into needless wars has to be balanced by the necessity of checking the inevitable outbreak of wars from excessive nationalism. Henceforth our homes and our normal, peaceful pursuits will not be secure until we have joined with the other peoples of the world in guaranteeing the maintenance of just conditions and of necessary adjustments by peaceful change.

Riot at Fort Dix

IT MAY BE, as the Fort Dix post commander has said, that the recent tragic melée involving white and colored soldiers was without specific racial significance. Certainly, it is not healthy either socially or morally to "dismiss" what should rather be analyzed and repented of. On the other hand, this particular army post has had an honorable public record thus far in handling great numbers of troops of both races; and brawls that end fatally are not unknown in other

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places where large numbers sometimes grow restive under discipline. The first published findings of the Army Board of Inquiry do not pointedly conflict with this reading. At least there seems to have been blame enough to go around. Whatever fault or provocation may or may not finally be proved against the white military police who were actively involved, it seems clear that the colored soldiers were also very seriously in the wrong. This "crossing of the lines" is finally borne out by the fact that one of the two M.P.'s who helped keep the shooters at bay until calm was restored, is himself colored. But even if this episode, which resulted in several woundings and three deaths, is not technically a chapter in the history of racial relations, it is impossible not to believe that it was at least warmed by their heat; if not the fact itself, then the ferocity it uncovered is part of that unhappy larger phenomenon. The specific lesson is painfully clear. Both races have imperative duties if we are ever to work out of the morass of the iniquitous past.

Easter and Freedom

THE CLOSE JOINING of public worship and the display of war is shocking: at the best tragic, sometimes ironic as well. This year, to the traditional Holy Week and Easter ceremonies in New York, the war brought on Holy Saturday afternoon a long and exciting parade of the armed services. It is not necessary to cite words of the Bible and texts of the liturgy to dramatize the paradox of an Easter parade, as it were, with 30,000 armed and marching men.

Viewed by some pure spectator, experiencing himself neither the war nor the worship of the God of Peace, this Easter season might well evidence, if it were the first time, almost the final breaking of man's dignity: "All men are liars." But they aren't. Certainly, this year, right here in New York, men prayed truly and with charity while they were resting from war or training for war, as they did in London, in Bataan, in Melbourne, in Berlin and Rome. Inside such a man would be tragedy, but no aloof irony. Most men are submerged in the war not because they desire it. They are submerged in it.

During Holy Week in New York, many thousands of Catholics (and the other Faiths have their own stories) go to church often. They follow and live the public worship of the Church closely and intimately as at no other time. This progresses through Lent. Holy Thursday is a genuine popular festival in New York, part in mourning, part in rejoicing, when thousands and thousands visit from one to another of the great churches, closely built in this city and overflowing. The *Tenebrae* on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, the Good Friday Three Hours Devotion and Mass of the Presanctified, Holy Saturday when the *Gloria* is sung—Easter morning—this worship lives for very many, intensely, and it influences profoundly the whole community. Perhaps Manhattan is unusually and particularly devout, but that is not what the rest of the world believes of it. Christianity does live.

At the end of Lent, more people are more deeply submerged in Christianity. We escape into the Church, it can be said. Christians desire to be submerged in Christianity—to emerge from the war and the world. The contrast of this desired religious life and peace to the marching men is tragic, but it would be a final condemnation of the men who claim to seek religious peace only if they should despair and separate themselves from the desire and the effort to bring the public social life we lead also into this peace. Christians will be tragically torn so long as they remain sane and therefore aware of the antithesis between the Christian condition and the great war. And also until the forces, public and private, exterior and interior, that create the war and overwhelm our lives and force our wills are brought into control, under the subjection of natural and divine law in the order of true peace. Prayer works directly on the integer of society, the human being, to bring, through individual development, social peace; and from prayer the human being looks on public history with increased resolution to resolve it in peace in the selfsame.

Professor Hayes to Madrid

IT IS NOT often that THE COMMONWEAL is intimately concerned with a major diplomatic appointment. The nomination of Carlton J. H. Hayes as American Ambassor to Spain will be of more than passing interest to many readers. From the very outset Professor Hayes has been keenly interested in the project of THE COMMONWEAL. His articles in some of the very first issues, "Obligations to America," dealt with the rights and duties of American Catholics and were later issued in pamphlet form. From the beginning he served as a member of the Editorial Council of the magazine and when THE COMMONWEAL was reorganized four years ago became one of its Contributing Editors. Through the years he has contributed a number of articles and reviews, the last of them on "Christian Greece" about a year ago. But there are far weightier reasons for applauding this appointment. To know that the United States is represented at so important and strategic capital by a man who thoroughly understands the tradition of his hosts and shares the Faith that has inspired that tradition, a man so thoroughly familiar with the current European scene and a man who from its inception has been so forceful an opponent of modern totalitarianism, could hardly be more gratifying.

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Bees in Your Backyard

Raising your own sweetening.

By **Harry McNeill**

ON A Sunday morning in May we received an indignant phone call from the post office. "We have a package of *live* bees for you. If you will pay a special delivery fee, we will get them out of here up to you." We agreed and in short order we had our two pounds of bees—ten thousand workers and a queen. Angrily buzzing because of their unusual adventures, confinement and handling—they had come nearly two thousand miles from Alabama to Flushing, Long Island—their collective roar was really terrifying to timid beginners in the beekeeping art. They were packed in a long wooden box with open sides covered by wire screen. According to our beginner's bee book, they were to be put in a cool dark cellar and periodically sprinkled with sugar syrup until evening. This we did and as the bees became gorged with syrup they became surprisingly quiet and docile.

Our hive had been prepared in advance and so, come evening, covered with bee veil and bee gloves, yet trembling withal, we gingerly pried open the cover on the package. We were expecting a tumbling exodus, but only a few sluggish bees crawled out to take advantage of their liberty. Then having installed the queen in her proper place in the hive we quickly put the lid on the hive and breathed a sigh of relief.

The special treatment of our queen merits a word of explanation. With "package bees" the queen usually comes from a different colony from the workers, and she has to be introduced to them gradually or they will kill her. Accordingly she comes inside the package in her own little cage big enough for a half dozen satellites to keep her warm. Her cage, which is hollowed out of a little block of wood, has a hole on one end plugged with gooey candy—a mixture of honey and powdered sugar. This is the queen's food during her trip. Before placing her cage in the hive, a cardboard strip covering the outer side of the hole is torn off. This permits the worker bees of the colony to get at the candy and eat their way toward the queen and finally liberate her. As the tunneling takes some days, the queen has meanwhile assumed the odor of the colony and the workers have seen her through the screen of her cage, and so she is accepted upon her emergence and is ready to begin the work of laying eggs.

The morning after our bees had been placed in the hive, we rose early and impatient to see what they would be up to. A good number were out of the hive zooming around and exploring the neighborhood. Each day they ventured further away from home, till by the end of the week they were disappearing out of sight in distant foraging expeditions. However, to help them build up the new colony we fed them sugar syrup for some weeks. Don't be frightened! The government has made provisions for special allotments of sugar to beekeepers, and the industrious little bees pay very ample returns in honey on the sugar invested. The reason for feeding was the fact that it takes twenty pounds of honey for the bees to make one pound of wax, and it behooves the beginner to get his hive equipped with wax combs as soon as possible. Otherwise the season will pass by with the bees spending their efforts in building combs rather than in filling them with honey. Also without combs the queen has no place to lay the eggs that maintain and increase the membership in the hive. This last point is crucial, because worker bees have a life span of only six weeks during the working season and it takes twenty-one days for a worker egg to reach maturity. As a further aid in getting the combs installed, it is customary to provide a wax foundation for the wooden frames on which the bees will build. This the bees draw out and add to, and as it comes nicely stamped with the outline of cells in regular rows, the bees follow the pattern and produce beautiful combs on the removable frames.

Our whole beginner's outfit cost less than five dollars from a mail order house. We also got our pretty Italian triple banded bees from the same source for two dollars and twenty-five cents. The outfit included a knocked down hive, frames and wax foundation, smoker, gloves and veil, and instruction book. We have since spent about five dollars on extra equipment and expect to spend a few more to complete our requirements, but we feel that the one hundred and fifty pounds of honey that one can get with luck from a colony in one season will soon repay us.

The beginner's outfit included an elaborate bee veil and elbow length bee gloves. These we carefully used along with other precautions such as heavy work pants and a thick sweater the first

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few times we opened the hive, but our busy little friends proved so docile that we soon discarded all but the smoker. Of course, we respected their sensibilities and examined the hive only on warm, sunny days.

What you have to do

The hive must be opened every week in order to see if all is going well inside, and this constitutes the chief care that must be given to it. The examination takes about one half hour, and so it is clear that beekeeping demands little trouble and attention. The main reason for opening the hive weekly is to take precautions against swarming, the process whereby one colony divides to form another. Swarming occurs when a new queen is allowed to hatch in the hive. Thereupon the old queen ups and takes half the workers with her and swarms on a nearby tree or shed or house. To prevent this, one can snip off the easily recognizable peanut-shaped queen-bee cells each week and thus head off the appearance of a new queen. This must be done weekly as it takes a queen-egg only sixteen days to mature.

If one desires to expand, then swarming is allowed to take place. A new hive is prepared and kept in readiness. Once the swarm has come out, the new hive is placed on the stand of the old, which is moved to another location. Then the swarm is shaken or brushed into a bushel basket or other receptacle and dumped in front of the new home. They readily take possession and thus the beekeeper has two colonies in place of one. The swarm usually remains for a day on the spot where they first alight, while "scouts" explore the neighborhood for a suitable place to house the new colony. Also as all the secessionists have filled up on honey before their expedition, they are usually tractable at this time. However, if the beekeeper does not get them hived before it is too late, the swarm may start a "wild" hive in the hollow of a nearby tree or in some neighbor's attic if there are chinks in the roof. This, no doubt, would provoke a neighbor beyond endurance as well as constitute a serious loss.

In general we have found neighbors fairly tolerant of our backyard beekeeping venture, although we live in a section where the lots are only twenty-five by one hundred feet. Of course, if anyone in the vicinity is stung by anything from a mosquito to a bedbug, inevitably our bees are blamed. But the victims merely hint their grievance rather than openly protest. Moreover, the curiosity of the neighbors is much piqued by the mysterious ways of bees and beekeepers, and we have tried to cultivate their friendship by answering patiently their many questions, silly or sensible. Of all their often repeated questions, we found the most annoying to be "Did you get any honey yet?" We began hearing this the week after our modest package was installed, and no amount of explanation of how little we could expect the first year was enough to throttle it.

Another quirk of the neighbors was a proprietary interest evoked in our bees. Confusing the big black bumble bees that go buzzing around every flower garden with our dainty, choosy honey bees which rarely frequent the common varieties of backyard flowers, our neighbors came to feel that they were feeding our hive and therefore were entitled to some of our honey. To satisfy this claim, illusory though it was, we decided to pass out in due season samples—which were much appreciated.

One next door neighbor maintains a bird bath which she keeps scrupulously clean and replenishes several times daily. It brings great flocks of birds which caused us considerable misgivings before our bees arrived. We feared that the feathered friends would feast on our bees and depopulate the hive. However, three days after arrival our bees had taken possession of the bird bath as their favorite watering place and had driven away all intruding birds. This annoyed our neighbor no end, so there was a council of war. We persuaded her to leave her bird bath dry for three days while we kept a hastily purchased bird bath brim full in our yard. The bees caught on and adopted ours for a few short days, only to abandon all local watering places for the rest of the summer. It seems that in a very brief time our bees were foraging far away fields—they are known to travel seven miles for supplies—and were quenching their thirst in distant pools. Since bees can travel so far for their food, distance from open fields is no obstacle to beekeepers. There are a few beekeepers with hives in the heart of Manhattan. Their bees frequent the various parks and backyards with clover in their grass plots.

Getting their food

When a bee comes upon a rich source of food, it returns to the hive and does a "food dance." This consists of rapid figure eights something like those of a skater. The other bees know the meaning of this and follow the discoverer on his return trip. Soon the source is being exploited by the whole colony. According to the blossoms drawn upon—for honey is nothing more than the evaporated and ripened nectar of flowers—the honey will have a different color, consistency and flavor. Since the species favored by bees bloom at diverse times, and since the bees "work" only one given species at a time, it is relatively easy for the beekeeper to separate the different types of honey.

After a year's experience with backyard beekeeping in a New York suburb we are confirmed apiarists. We have had much fun and instruction

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and little trouble with our industrious little winged friends. Our expenses have been low, and the return promises to be high, especially in these days of sugar rationing. At the end of our first season we computed the hive to contain about seventy pounds of honey. We took only five pounds and left the rest to tide our bees over the winter. This year we are hoping to get at least a hundred pounds; and since honey is sweeter, not to mention more healthful, than refined sugar, this is the equivalent of some hundred and twenty-five pounds of sugar. And there is scarcely a recipe calling for sugar where honey will not give equal if not superior results. Moreover, ladies, it is less fattening than sugar. In fact, some claim that it is a reducing agent.

Wintering

Wintering our bees was a simple matter. We wrapped the whole hive in sawdust with tar paper, taking care to leave an opening for ventilation and to permit the bees to come out on warm days. They are now venturing forth almost daily—the critical temperature at which they come out is 57 degrees—and though the crocuses are barely out, they are managing to gather pollen somewhere. We see them returning with the little baskets on their hind legs stuffed with "bee bread."

There is still time this year for anyone who wishes to emulate our example. All you need is some bee literature—we got most of ours gratis from government agencies—and a beginner's outfit. The hive can be quickly set up and the bees ordered for delivery as soon as the weather permits this spring.

As to being stung—which recalls the facetious warnings of our friends—my wife has yet to be stung, although she has handled the bees as much as myself, whereas I have been stung only three times, and this was because of imprudences. Besides, bee sting is not so bad and has its compensations. It is good for rheumatics and some doctors use it therapeutically.

Also the possibility of developing a revenue-producing enterprise is entirely feasible and attractive. It is the common experience of small-scale beekeepers to have no trouble disposing of their honey at attractive prices—and of course, war shortages have heightened the prospects. Living in a city is no bar. A Supreme Court decision has held that no ordinance forbidding beekeeping in a city is constitutional.

Facts on the Food Supply

What we have and what we plan to have.

By T. Swann Harding

DURING 1941 we shipped to Great Britain or bought for delivery to British agents in this country enough food to fill 69,100 freight cars which, in case you are interested, would make a freight train 575 miles long. In any man's language that is quite an impressive gang of food; something like three and a third billion pounds of it, in fact.

In December, 1941, alone, Britain got 660 million pounds of food purchased with Lend-Lease funds and costing $67 millions. These foods were mainly, in the approximate order of their importance, dairy products, eggs, meat, fish and fowl, fruits, vegetables and nuts, fats and oils, grain and cereal products. They were concentrated foods too, dried fruits and vegetables and milk and eggs, citrus fruit juice at a tenth its normal volume, vitamin concentrates, and so on.

Certain specific items go like this: 443,556,493 pounds of evaporated milk, 312,122,864 pounds of meat products, 3,048,541 cases of canned tomatoes, 243,139,398 pounds of lard, 24,871,530 dozen shell eggs. Does that rob us then? Are people right who say that grocery store shelves are empty at times because we are sending all our food to Britain?

Lend-Lease purchases are not a main factor in quick food disappearance. It is true that food purchases for direct relief and school lunches and similar purchases ran only about $300 millions the year before Lend-Lease shipments started, and added Lend-Lease purchases stepped this up to $1.3 billions in 1941. But we produced 3,728,000,000 dozen eggs in 1941 and 31,430,000 cases of canned tomatoes. Compare these huge quantities with the relatively small shipments to Britain.

Figures

Furthermore our agricultural production goal calls for 40 million cases of canned tomatoes in 1942 of which only 4 million are to go to Britain, for 4.2 million dozen eggs, far above the 1941 level, and for 300 million pounds more lard, enough to take care of Lend-Lease shipments and

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leave some over for that matter. As a whole, farm production in 1942 will be 19 percent above that during the pre-war five years, 1935-39.

Expressed another way we shall in 1942 produce enough extra milk, over and above the average quantities produced yearly in the pre-war five years, to fill a line of tank trucks each holding two tons of milk that would reach entirely around the earth. We shall produce enough extra one-dozen cartons of eggs to reach from here to the moon, enough extra meat to pave a four-lane highway one inch deep from New York to San Francisco and then back to New Orleans.

We shall produce enough extra cases of canned vegetables to reach from Los Angeles to Vladivostock and enough extra cases of canned fruit to reach from New York to Liverpool. In percentages that is 19 percent more milk, 40 percent more eggs, 32 percent more meat—pork, beef, veal, lamb, chicken and turkey—48 percent more canned vegetables, and 40 percent more canned fruits than in the average year between 1935 and 1939. The program is gigantic. The difficulties of farm production will be unusually great. But the blood of the pioneers is in American farmers and they are quite accustomed to do the impossible.

Our capacity

A country that normally manages to feed 130 million people, and to waste enough food in the process to feed at least 20 million more, should have no difficulty in producing enough animal protein food to supply 11 million British subjects. Of course these 1942 farm production goals have not yet been achieved. Their full impact could not be felt in 1941; though dairy and egg production went up rapidly nevertheless. But shipments to Britain in 1941 certainly did not empty grocery shelves and shipments to the United Nations in 1942 should not do so.

Once again the armed forces have not been a main factor in the disappearance of food. It is true that one-fourth of the nation's 1942 production of canned fruits and vegetables may be requisitioned for the armed forces and for Lend-Lease shipment. But the armed forces do not represent a new group of consumers; they are simply a new grouping. Members of the armed forces ate food before they donned uniforms.

What it amounts to is that a considerable group of civilian consumers have been put into uniform and will henceforth be fed by the Government. As a whole they will probably eat more than they did when in civil life, but they will also be fed *en masse,* and food wastage is always far less under those circumstances than it averages in civilian food distribution and preparation.

The greatest factor in increased food disappearance is increased consumer income, which has often led to senseless hoarding. Our national income in 1941 attained a level of nearly $90 billions as compared with only $75½ billions in 1940, $71 billions in 1939, and about $82¼ billions in 1929. Though the average city person made about as much in 1941 as in 1929, he paid one-fifth less for food. That amounted in aggregate to two billion dollars less expended for food in 1941 than in 1929, yet the sum spent bought more food per dollar.

The average working man, however, could buy for $342 the year's basket of food which would have cost him $415 at 1929 prices. Farm prices meanwhile averaged 18 percent less than in the 1920's and 30 percent less than in 1917. Even if farm income were at full parity today, the average city person would have 3½ times as much income as the average farm person. For though farmers comprised 23 percent of the total population in 1941, they drew only 8 percent of the total national income.

Obviously people in the cities are capable of buying a lot more food than they could afford to purchase in 1939 as a result of the defense and later of the war program. During the first nine months of 1941 the profits of 122 industrial concerns were 179 percent higher than in 1939 after all charges and expenses, including depreciation, were deducted. Even after the deduction of reserves for future taxes, the profits were still 60 percent higher than in 1939.

Farmers did not, however, profit unduly. With bread at 8 cents a loaf in the store in 1941 the farmer got about a cent for the wheat that went into it. The grower got about 8 cents for producing the material that went into a dollar cotton shirt, not enough to pay to launder it once. Price support at 85 percent of parity raises the former sum only one-third of a cent and the latter two and one-half cents.

The food bill

In general, consumers in 1941 paid $14.8 billions for food. Lend-Lease and all other buying of food for the Red Cross, direct relief and school-lunch plan by the Surplus Marketing Administration amounted to only $1.3 billions. Of the $14.8 billions consumers paid for food in 1941, farmers got only $6.2 billions or 42 percent, while total marketing costs, including processing, transportation, wholesaling and retailing, absorbed $8.65 billions or 58 percent. The processor and retailer together got about what the farmer did.

It seems apparent now that domestic food purchasing made possible by considerably increased consumer income did most to strip grocery shelves of food in 1941. Unless taxes and enforced savings become higher or are introduced in 1942, this process will go much further. For consumers have fewer and fewer things upon which to spend money as the war goes on and will

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spend more and more on food and the few other things they can buy.

When the national income attains $100 billions, half at least must go for armaments and $20 billions more, if possible, to our allies in the United Nations. This will leave only $30 billions for civilian needs or much less than the $49 billions available at the bottom of the depression period. Out of 60 millions who should be employed by 1944, we must count on at least 27 millions being in war industry and the armed forces, leaving only 33 million other workers.

So far there is no reason to think we shall not have sufficient food for the needs of all American citizens. It is impossible exactly to estimate the requirements of our allies, of course, but there is no reason to think that we should adopt the policy of starving ourselves to feed our allies. We have pooled our resources with the United Nations, it is true, and that includes food. But the Food For Freedom Program for 1942 makes what economists and nutritionists regard as ample provisions for us and such of our allies as will be in need.

Since some people imagine cans for food may be lacking, a final word should be said about them. Sufficient cans will be made available for the part of the fruit and vegetable pack which requires them. However, since February no more cans have been available for beer, animal food, dried beans of all kinds, baking powder, cereals, flour, petroleum products, spices, condiments and tobacco. The manufacture of small-sized cans will also be prohibited.

There will be cans to cover primary foods like fruits, vegetables, juices, milk and milk products, fish, shellfish, and so on. But whereas tomato juice is now packed in containers of more than thirty sizes, these will be reduced to four. Beans must not be packed fresh, sweet corn must be cut off the cob before packing, and the thickness of the tin plate coating virtually all cans will be lessened. The essential canned foods should be available in even greater quantity than in 1941.

The West and the Further-West

What has Europe to fear, and what has she to gain, from her western outpost?

By **Julien Benda**

The author of the document which follows is a distinguished French writer of Jewish extraction whose best-known work, "La Trahison des Clercs," created widespread interest at the time when it was published about fifteen years ago, and has seemed ever more prophetic with the passage of years, in its treatment of the collapse of moral responsibility among those who should be the true leaders of Western culture. M. Benda has always been noted for the honesty of his statements and since the fall of France has demonstrated his courage. The André Siegfried of whom he writes is the same historian and social analyst who was so enthusiastically received in America in the 20's. His best-known books deal with the United States, Canada, South America, England and France. He is a professor at the Collège de France.—THE EDITORS.

IN AN extraordinary article which appeared in a fairly recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* under the title "Occidental Civilization," André Siegfried, an historian of wide reputation and doubtless well known to my readers, among his conclusions formulates this idea: If Western civilization should, by reason of events, have to come into intimate contact with the United States (a country which he includes together with the English dominions and Australia under the general term "The Further-West"), this civilization would probably suffer the loss of certain of its principal aspects—aspects intensely characteristic, and which he very clearly believes to be its principal adornment. This opinion suggests to me a number of ideas which I think may be of interest to the American public.

Let me say at once that I have no intention of contradicting the thesis propounded by my distinguished fellow countryman. I even intend to point out how Western civilization, under the circumstances he imagines, might lose even more than he says it would lose. I shall merely add as well—something which he seems to have overlooked—the things which that civilization would gain from such a contact.

Western civilization

First of all, what is Western civilization, the West being taken to include the peoples of western Europe and those whom our author situates in the "Further-West"?

For his part Mr. Siegfried sees this civilization as possessing three principal characteristics. First, on the intellectual level, is the respect for reason, perhaps better described as the scientific spirit, to which must be added the feeling for order, a heritage from Greece. Second, on the moral level, the feeling for justice, or more precisely the attribution of a sacred quality to the human person, and this is a Judaeo-Christian element. Third, on the political level, the feeling for the State, handed down from the world of Rome. Contrasting Western civilization with the civilization of Asia, Siegfried especially points to three other characteristics which seem to him to be the property of the former and the explanation of the authority which it has gained over the latter, especially

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in the practical realm.[1] These are: a power of invention in technical matters, an aptitude for administration, and above all the belief that man—in rigorous opposition to Oriental fatalism—is master of his own destiny. Finally our author believes that it is possible to attribute the superiority of Western civilization to the superiority of the white race, while at the same time accounting for its principal characteristics through the fact that the creators of this civilization have lived in an atmosphere of moderate dimensions, have dwelt in places made to man's measure. Perhaps in this connection it would be better to revise his statement by applying it to Mediterranean civilization rather than to the whole civilization of the West.

This notion of Western civilization, which as a whole might well win the reader's approval, requires a certain amount of elaboration. Not all of Europe, not even all of western Europe, participates in Western civilization.

Be it noted at the outset that if one of the basic traits of Western civilization is respect for reason, certain European nations situated indeed not very far from the Atlantic form no part of the West. The scorn for reason openly asserted by German thinkers who are eminently representative of their nation is notorious; Nietzsche's scorn for Socratic rationalism, Savigny's, Mommsen's, Sybel's, Treitschke's scorn for the rationalism of the French Revolution. More recently a German minister of education declared that a statement is true precisely to the extent that it serves the interests of Germany and not at all to the extent that it conforms with the findings of that "cosmopolitan" process which is called reason. At the same time a theoretical writer, Moeller van den Brück, has declared that the revolution of the Third Reich should be made against reason.[2]

We must also recognize that, if one of the traits of Western civilization consists in the attribution of a sacred quality to the human person, in the recognition of the *rights* of the individual, this same nation does not belong to the West. For it believes that the individual has only duties and no rights, and that he must be willing to serve as nothing more than a mechanical tool in the hands of the State which works for his welfare and owes him no accounting. "The dogma of individual dignity," writes the author of "Mein Kampf," "has done all too much damage; it will not weigh with us one tittle on the day when we shall truly organize the State."[3] And earlier Hegel wrote: "The proper end of a true State is so to function that the individual no longer exists."[4] This attribution of a sacred character to the human person being, as Mr. Siegfried is careful to point out, of Judaeo-Christian origin, may we not wonder whether the activities of the present head of the German State against Judaism and Christianity have not for their motive the rooting out of this moral concept from among his people. It must even be admitted that, if adherence to the Christian attitude here under discussion is one of the foundations of Western civilization, then we can find even in France men who do not deserve to be called Western. It is well known that there exists in this country a party, under the leadership of Charles Maurras, which repudiates Christianity to the extent that Christianity has been responsible for the idea that human persons are equal by virtue merely of their humanity, and sets up against this Christianity a "Catholicism" which, asserting the inequality of men and their hereditary separation into those who are privileged and those who are servants, has maintained "order." So it would seem that all Europe, even when you exclude Russia, is not wholly committed to Western civilization.

[1] With regard to this superiority cf. Fernand Grenard's excellent book, "Grandeur et décadence de l'Asie," Chapter VI.

[2] Cf. Ed. Vermeil, "Les Doctrinaires de la Révolution Allemande, 1918-1938," Book II, Chapter III.

[3] "Mein Kampf," Page 91 in the French translation.

[4] "Phenomenology of the Spirit," Page 379, French translation.

A misconception of the idea of order

With regard to the idea of order I should like to point out a misconception constantly made use of—not to say exploited—in our day. André Siegfried speaks of order as an idea which we have inherited from the Greeks, and he properly remarks that order is a rule whereas justice is a passion. Let us recall that the idea of order as conceived by the Greeks is the idea of the harmony of the universe (especially of the inanimate universe), the idea of the *cosmos,* of the *mundus,* signifying that which is *ordered* in opposition to that which is *chaotic.* The supreme function of the gods, in the eyes of the philosophers of Hellas, was not that of having created the universe but that of having invested it with order, of having made it intelligible. Surely there is no relationship between this serene and altogether intellectual contemplation, which is indeed the opposite of passion, and the State, eminently a creature of passion and even of ferocious passion, wherein certain governing classes seek to preserve, by even the least harmonious of means, their domination over inferior classes. It is the passion to do this which such people describe as "a feeling for order." I suspect that Mr. Siegfried would agree with me that the author of the "Timaeus" would scarcely recognize his idea of order in the acts by which certain social classes, terrified at the demands enforced by the people against them in the very recent past, "reestablish order."

The difficulties of European federalism

Then finally my fellow author points to a characteristic of the European West which sets it off from the American West—Europe is divided, profoundly divided. This is so true that we very rarely speak—and I think my readers will agree—of *European* civilization, but rather, as though each constituted an independent entity, of French, English, German, Italian, Spanish civilization. This particularism springs from the barbarian invasions, which are the true creators of European nationalism to the extent that they set up an opposition between the *Gentes* (peoples) and the *Imperium* and *Ecclesia,* set up a will to parcel out and to destroy unity, a will which has triumphed, thus creating a situation in fact which finds no equivalent in America. It would be easy enough to defend the thesis that Europe is, in Biblical phraseology, a "child of wrath." This fractioning process has constantly grown more acute, and one could argue that the whole of Europe's history up to the nineteenth century consisted in a double-headed movement, for one part aiming at the formation of nations, and for the other part seeking to make them independent of each other.

Nevertheless, there has been a European civilization, and I can do no better than to recommend that readers consult the fine volume written by the English historian, Christopher Dawson, "The Making of Europe, An Introduction to the History of European Unity" (1934). The theme of this book is that there has existed a common

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body of ideas, a body of course extremely varied and heterogeneous, which, regardless of national frontiers and over a period of many centuries, held sovereign sway over the entire continent. Furthermore, that at this very moment, and contrary to what they themselves may hold, the civilizations of the various European nations are much more determined by this general civilization than by the superficial and special characteristics which mark each one of them. Disregard of this common origin found its retribution in the war of 1914, concludes this English writer—a war which he tells us provoked in the life of Europe a schism much more deep than all past wars, and we can see, he adds, its consequences in the insane national rivalries which, at the time he wrote, threatened to ruin the whole economy of Europe.

It remains true, however, that whether well-founded or not, the age-old cleavages which the nations of Europe have fostered between each other make infinitely more difficult any realization of a United States of Europe than was the achievement of a United States of America—a difficulty which our friends in the New World do not always realize. Surely it is obvious that a citizen of Virginia or of Texas need not deaden in his heart all his devotion to a local history or culture which has thrilled him for centuries in order to achieve a general idea of America. Yet this is precisely what a Frenchman or a Hungarian must do if he is to accept the idea of Europe.

The injury America can inflict

Mr. André Siegfried conjures up the injuries which this Western civilization might suffer if the course of history should lead it to a truly intimate contact with the "Further-West," especially with the United States. Here is the toll of injury which he in substance says it would suffer. (1) Western civilization would lose: The characteristics which spring from its adaptation to a natural environment of modest proportions, notably the taste for measure in all things, a legacy from Greece.[5] Since an American has grown up in a landscape of gigantic proportions, the Greek tradition cannot serve for him as a living principle. (2) A feeling for choice, for preference, for quality—a feeling unknown in America because of a system of production and consumption which is basically collective, because of an economic organization which has become all-devouring and thanks to which, he adds, the individual, however much it may please the New World to sing his praises, finds himself imperilled.

These ideas seem to be just enough, if we take into account the distinction I shall make later regarding the question of the individual. Our author could even have added another good which Western civilization might see disappear in the intimacy which he presumes—the cultivation of disinterested speculation. (To this might be added the love of abstraction, of ideas as distinguished from facts, of generalized conceptions as distinguished from the turbulent stream of events.) Surely when William James, whose pragmatism is indeed something very different from the vulgar materialism attributed to him, asserts in "The Meaning of Truth" that the belief which holds our daily concerns to have nothing to do with scientific thought is absurd, the great American thinker utterly disagrees with Socrates, for whom astronomy loses in dignity because it is put to practical use by navigators, or with Fustel de Coulanges, who asserted that the great beauty of history lies in the fact that it is useless. Certainly also I am not telling Mr. Siegfried anything he does not know already when I point out that nine out of ten American candidates for a doctor's degree prefer to work in the fields of sociology or economics—that is, on practical subjects—rather than on some subject in art or literature.

Such then are the approximate losses which Western civilization would suffer from intimate association with the American world. But let us consider now what it would gain—a matter entirely overlooked in Mr. Siegfried's balance sheet.

The good America can do

The greatest benefit America can bring is an enrichment of the political guarantees of the individual man. In this connection I am particularly concerned with one aspect of Western civilization—an aspect which our author himself declares to be essential—respect for the dignity of the individual and for his free development. *This is something entirely different and distinct from an economic set-up wherein the rôle of the individual workman disappears in collective production.* Respect for the individual has the effect of withdrawing him as much as possible from the political tyranny of society. And I have no hesitation in saying that this characteristic seems to me considerably more marked in America than on our own continent.

First of all your country refuses to recognize the existence of any sort of privileged class, if by this term one understands persons who would have the right to a high rank in the community for reasons unrelated to their own personal merit. "In America," writes one of your authors, "we do not readily admit the existence of set classes, based upon birth, privilege, interests or politics. Nor do we admit *fixed* levels of authority, springing from age, experience, or cultivation.[6] As early as the middle of the last century, a French observer could write: "Thanks to its equality of primary education, America knows no social distinction; *the designation workman is overshadowed by the title, citizen.*"[7] Let us add that a privilege which especially exercised power in France, the privilege of wealth, if one can so term respect for wealth *not acquired by work,* plays little part in a country where the heir to an inherited fortune is, as such, the object of no particular reverence and where a poor man who acquires a rich wife is almost dishonored.

Fluidity of status

It follows from this absence in the New World of any sort of privileged class that the possibilitiy for an individual born in modest circumstances to improve his social status is far more real than in French society, whereof Lucien Romier—a man certainly not to be suspected of subversive ideas—has written that "it is more and more difficult to improve one's lot other than through unex-

[5] André Siegfried extols the phrase of Protagoras (so specially Mediterranean, as Paul Valéry would put it): "Man is the measure of all things." He does not seem to realize that such a phrase leads directly to anthropocentrism. With regard to natural phenomena, for instance, it would perhaps have been better had man not lent himself to serving as a measure for things, an attitude which led him to childish theories.

[6] Ralph Barton Perry, "la Conscience américaine," *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale,* October, 1922. Regarding the absence of a privileged class in America, cf. Tocqueville, "la Démocratie en Amérique," Volume I, Chapter III.

[7] Ed. Laboulaye, "Questions Constitutionnelles," p. 324.

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pected luck or blind good fortune."[8] May I be forgiven if in this connection I recall an experience of my own? A few years ago I happened to be in a large city in Illinois at the time of a major strike. I happened also to have the pleasure of being a guest in the house of an employer, and I saw him slam down his newspaper in irritation: "Labor bores me with its endless demands; all the working man has to do is what I did—I know, because I was once a workman myself." I could not help thinking of other countries where such an employer would live in the belief that he held his position by divine right and that the passage from one class to another is impossible, even immoral. Moreover, this attitude in no way implies any absurd belief in the equality of all men so far as their ability to occupy positions of high responsibility is concerned, but, quite on the contrary, it recognizes their *inequality* in ability, and permits them to achieve such positions on the basis of their personal work, and not of their birth or for some other consideration disassociated from worth. It would seem that American society would gladly accede to the notion of the English socialist, Grant Allen, who believes that all men are born free and *unequal* and that the end of society is to preserve this natural inequality (rather than to substitute for it the artificial inequality based upon birth) while at the same time putting it to the best possible use. Or it would approve the idea of a French philosopher, Louis Blanc, who teaches that true equality consists in permitting all men "an *equal* development of their *unequal* talents."

The American press

Another sphere in which it seems to me that America, more than any country of the European West, makes manifest a respect for the individual is its press. I am well aware of its limitations, but attacks against a man in public life based upon his own private life, and, even more upon calumny, is entirely disapproved and is very severely punishable by law. Any such publication as those common enough in France, the names of which are on everyone's lips and whose whole purpose consists in systematically defaming the private lives of those public men they dislike, would be impossible on the other side of the Atlantic. And I might remark parenthetically in this connection upon another characteristic of American political customs, of which we saw an example when Mr. Wendell Willkie lost the last presidential election in the United States and then sent a telegram of congratulations to his successful opponent. Thus a defeated candidate who, as soon as he found he had lost, would immediately undertake a campaign of reprisals against the man who had won would be held by public opinion (including that of his own supporters) to be a contemptible fellow. French political life might perhaps learn a lesson from this standard of behavior.

Finally, American society protects the rights of the individual against a tyranny which is particularly to be feared in a democracy and against which French democracy seems to have been far less able to defend its citizens. I refer to that situation in which the individual can become the victim of his own elected representatives, who, once in power, make decisions to which he will have to submit and yet which can run counter to his will. It is to effect this protection of the rights of the citizen that certain states in the United States can suspend and even recall their representatives if these seem to have betrayed the mandate of the people. And particularly is it to reinforce this protection that no legislative body is permitted to overrule certain prohibitions which are held as an organic part of the popular will. "In the United States," wrote with admiration the French writer I have already mentioned, "no legislature, not even the National Congress, can limit freedom of worship. None can do away with trial by jury nor institute star chamber proceedings. None can abrogate the right of assembly or of petition. None can establish a monopoly or set up hereditary privileges or take restrictive measures against the press. . . . All the liberties which it is a government's end to guarantee remain in the hands of the people."[9] The democratic régime, to the extent that it is founded on respect for the rights of the citizen and as such constitutes an invention of the West, has a great deal to learn from the "Further-West."[10]

The religious basis of American democracy

There is another characteristic of Western civilization which M. Siegfried asserts to be congenital with this civilization and which also seems to me to have made an infinitely deeper mark on the New World than on the European West. I refer to its Christian characteristics.

Ever since the days of de Tocqueville everyone knows that in Anglo-Saxon countries, as distinguished from what transpires among other liberal-minded people, the spirit of liberty coincides with the spirit of religion.[11] It is a Puritan manifesto ("The Agreement of the People" issued by the soldiers of Cromwell in 1667) which is the basis of the contract which unified the New England settlers at the end of the seventeenth century and from which sprang the American Constitution of 1776-1777. The memorial presented on November 20, 1772, by James Otis and Samuel Adams to the assemblage of the citizens of Boston, to which agreed all the towns in Massachusetts, was entitled: "A Declaration of the Rights of the Colonists, as Men, *as Christians* and as Citizens." Even as early as 1743 a congress which gathered at Octorara, Pennsylvania, under the chairmanship of R. P. Craighead, had stated: "We must preserve, in accordance with the rights transmitted to us by Jesus Christ, our bodies and our goods free of all constraint."[12]

Let us always remember that in the United States the Chief Executive swears that he will abide by the Constitution with his hand placed upon an open copy of the Bible. To this religious foundation there is linked, among Americans, a true *faith* in the worth of the institutions which they themselves have established. One of their own citizens has well expressed this idea in these words, which a certain European democracy might well study: "An American who is completely assimilated, who has his contacts with the past, and who has been inspired by the spirit of his forefathers, handed down to him

[8] "Explication de Notre Temps."

[9] Laboulaye, op. cit. Page 386.

[10] Here is another example, this time in the fiscal field: Since income taxes in the United States are large only when they are applied to very large incomes, it is principally the richer citizens who pay them. One might also advert to the fact (and it is eminently democratic) that in this country a simple way of life is relatively inexpensive whereas luxuries command enormous prices.

[11] In this connection one should also consult Elie Halévy's "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century," Volume I, Introduction.

[12] Cf. Th. Balch, "Les Français en Amérique Pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance."

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through a whole galaxy of national patriots, is possessed of a firm, even of a touching confidence in the essential goodness of the institutions whereby he is governed. Nothing shakes his faith. If things go badly, it is the man and not the system that is at fault, whereas the principles remain intact. This is something which foreigners do not always understand. Having perhaps lived as republicans under a monarchy, or as monarchists under a republic, they are astounded at the bitter resentment which can be caused by *a random remark upon that which they describe as the failure of 'democratic institutions'.*" This is a subject at which American wit and casual jest are never aimed.[13] Perhaps we might ask ourselves whether in Anglo-Saxon lands Western civilization does not today find a will to resist the opponent, based on religion, which it has not found in any Latin country, wherein this civilization is shot through with scepticism and intellectual dilletantism.

Conclusion

In conclusion, then, Western civilization, if it should find itself subject to the influence of the New World, would lose something *artistically* (the feeling for choice, for quality, for individual artisanship,[14] whereof M. Siegfried speaks, are pre-eminently artistic virtues, but so also is the taste for disinterested intellectual speculation,[15]) but it would gain something *morally*. Is there any greater gain? That is a question to which each man must give his own answer, in accordance with his own personal scale of values. I do not hesitate for myself to assert that such a gain would be to get the best of the bargain.

[13] Ralph Barton Perry, loc. sit.

[14] *For craftsmanship.* Mr. Siegfried does not use this word, but obviously that is his idea.

[15] I scarcely need add that if America does not encourage such speculation, it does not prevent it. Then too, this whole matter seems to me personal, and not something which can make any demands on the body politic other than the demand for liberty.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I HAVE received from a highly respected reader of this column a letter, given in full below, but without the writer's name attached, since I do not know that he intended it for publication. As, however, it raises a point with which other readers of this column may have been concerned, I am venturing to use my correspondent's missive in order to clear up, if I can, the ambiguity which he complains about as having been attached to a recent article in this space. This article appeared in the April 3 issue, and dealt with an article by Donald Grant in the *Nation* for March 21 in which Mr. Grant strongly argued that the "official Catholic hierarchy in America" should realize that "the Roman Catholic Church is going to be held to account for Coughlin, Curran and company by the American people." In my comments, I objected to the line of argument followed by Mr. Grant, although I agreed with him as to the deplorable results of the Coughlin-Curran policy. Here is my correspondent's letter:

"I must admit a bit of confusion after reading your article in the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Will you straighten me out? You protest violently against any suggestion that the Church authorities should be asked to muzzle or silence any individual Catholic priest who is expressing himself 'outside of the revealed and defined doctrine taught by the Church.' Obviously you think this applies to the reverend gentlemen under discussion—the Messrs. Coughlin and Curran. You will note that I follow the Quentin Reynolds line in refusing to dignify them with the title of 'Father.'

"Have I been living in a fool's paradise all these years? I had thought that one of the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic faith was the concept of universal brotherhood and that the preaching of racial hatred was something that would definitely come *within* the compass of the 'revealed' truth of that religion—would come within it in the sense of being something to be anathematized and condemned.

"Have I been wrong?"

Of course my correspondent has not been wrong in thinking that the brotherhood of man is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church, and that the preaching of racial hatred is something that at all times has been, and today still is, condemned by the Church.

My point, in the former article, was simply that the *Nation* writer was not being fair to the Catholic Church when he insisted that the American people would hold the Church to account for the utterances of Fathers Coughlin and Curran in regard to the war, and for their detestable anti-Semitism, even after he had registered his apparent agreement with the Gallup poll that the vast majority of Irish American Catholics are whole-heartedly loyal to their own nation's war policy in all important aspects, including aid to Great Britain, and also are of the firm belief that Ireland should be actively and openly allied with the other nations fighting against the Axis. Moreover, the "official hierarchy," to use Mr. Grant's phrase, the organized archbishops and bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, have spoken collectively, and in most cases individually, in the most emphatic terms to their Catholic followers, bidding them work and to fight to the very utmost for their nation's cause.

Why is it, then, was the thought behind my comment, that so many radical and liberal writers not only condemn the Coughlins and the Currans—which most Catholics do also—for the views they have expressed against their government's policy, and against the traditional racial and religious tolerance of this country—but insist upon holding the Church responsible for their political views, and threaten the Church with dire consequences?

As I said in the previous article, that simply doesn't make sense.

I will, however, mournfully admit to my correspondent that I most certainly do think that great harm has been done to the good relationship of Church and people by the lack of public and authoritative reprobation of the tone and effects of the Coughlin-Curran movement by the higher officials of the Church.

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Communications

IN THE GROOVE

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editors: It was with a sort of mild horror that I read in the "In the Groove" column of THE COMMONWEAL of April 3 that the Paulist Choir has recorded for the Victor Company the hymns "Good Night, Sweet Jesus," and "Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest."

To put it quite bluntly, the Paulist Choir (and, I note, not under the direction of the distinguished Father Finn) is being unworthy of itself and doing the cause of better Church music a disservice in recording such sweet sentimentalities. Moreover, those who have charge of the choir should know better, even if the Victor Company doesn't. Or is the popularity of these hymns to be the only criterion by which they shall be judged?

Neither of these hymns is on any list of approved Church music that I can find. Nor are they in the spirit of Church music, which, according to the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X, is settled and is to be binding, with the force of law. To those who, after listening enough, have acquired any taste and appreciation of the meaning and the feeling which Church music should carry, such mawkishness as "Good Night, Sweet Jesus" is only nauseating and felt to be in keeping with the over-emphasis on extra-liturgical maneuvers which sometimes pass for religion.

If we are to go on treating our Catholic people as if they do not have intelligence enough to understand the meaning of liturgical acts of worship and therefore are to be played down to with emotionalism, which "they can understand," then never will there be a revival of the Church's liturgy nor the attainment by the laity of that portion of the spiritual richness which the Church should bring to them, whom God made only a little lower than the angels, and which is rightfully theirs. Never will this come out of emotion alone.

REV. VINCENT D. OSBORNE.

Editors' Note. We wish to inform our readers of the status of the book on which Count Sforza based his article, "Church and State in Fascist Italy" (March 20). It bears this same title and is by D. A. Binchy. The price will be $9.00 (not $5.00, as stated) and copies are on their way across the Atlantic. The Oxford University Press will fill orders at the earliest possible moment.

The Stage & Screen

Nathan The Wise

IN RECOGNITION of its immediate timeliness and of Herbert Berghof's rich performance of the name rôle, the Studio Theater's revival of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing's "Nathan The Wise" has been promoted from Greenwich Village to 44th Street.

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Some eight years ago, *"Nathan der Weise"* received another public tribute to its timeliness and continued survival down 150 years: by order of the nazi thought control, it was put to flames on Unter den Linden. Hitler's agents were merely repeating history. Erwin Piscator, the present producer, remarks in a program note: "But under Frederick [the Great], Lessing was not exiled, and could write." Yes; but Mr. Piscator neglects to mention, if he is aware of it, that we owe "Nathan The Wise" to the circumstance that Lessing's theological pamphlets, embodying the same theme, were confiscated by the Brunswick government, which ordered him to discontinue his controversy; whereupon he resolved, as he wrote in a private letter (to Elise Reimarus), to try "whether they would let him preach undisturbed from his old pulpit, the stage."

Lessing's inadmissable thesis was—is—that creeds are accidental; noble character is observable under the most diverse creeds; wherefore we should value not a man's belief but his humanity. Tolerance, in other words; in Lessing's: "humility, forbearance, tolerance and love."

"Nathan The Wise" is set in Jerusalem during the Third Crusade. A Knight Templar whose bravery has won him amnesty after capture by the Sultan Saladin inadvertently saves the life of the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Jewish merchant, Nathan. He is torn between love for the girl and hatred for her race. That she is not the real but the adopted daughter of Nathan complicates rather than resolves his problem. Nathan has never brought himself to reveal to his ward that she was born a Christian; he has instructed indiscriminately in the Christian, Jewish and Moslem creeds. Saladin, called into judgment upon Nathan's crime, demands her choice. Despite her love for the Templar, she rejects his militant intolerance in favor of Nathan's humanist benevolence. In the end, all three, Jew, Moslem and Christian, discover that the qualities each most deeply respects are identical.

Necessarily, the theater must simplify its arguments. It must depend upon its emotional impact to fill the gaps in its logic. The final curtain of "Nathan The Wise" leaves any man of good will warmly uplifted. But in retrospect, disturbing questions arise. Is tolerance a real solution? How far can—how far should—tolerance be extended? Shall we, for example, be tolerant of intolerance? The Crusade in Lessing's play is a case in point. Lessing represents the Crusades as mere dogmatic proselytism. The Christians, he implies, should have left the Moslems to their own devices. But it is a matter of historical record that those devices included wholesale slaughter and enslavement of Christian pilgrims, whereby the Moslems gained direct credit in Heaven. Did not Christ Himself, one remembers, drive the money lenders from the temple? Did He not by His own example teach that man is responsible not only for himself but for his brother? And does Lessing accept this responsibility by the mere circumstance of writing his tract? Tolerance as an active force: isn't that a paradox? History, certainly, would seem to teach so. Our country, by accepting the present war, has thereby accepted a considerable degree of intolerance; has undertaken to substitute by force its creed for other creeds—just as the Crusaders did.

The province of the drama is illusion, and "Nathan The Wise" is no exception. We must beware being tricked by its simplifications. Our tolerance is not enough. Our good will is not enough—nor humility, forbearance, love. To operate effectively, these must become universal. And how can this be accomplished save by proselytizing such as "Nathan The Wise" at the same time affirms and denies? By what absolute, the Sultan demands of Nathan, by what final truth are we to make judgment? Nathan, for all his shrewdness, cannot answer beyond this: "It is not given to mortals to know the final truth; our highest achievement must be our longing for it."

Aspiration, however, is only a beginning. Discipline must follow aspiration, as long as spirit is joined to body. As long as free will operates, creeds must submit to judgment.

I'm not familiar with Lessing's text, so am not qualified to appraise Ferdinand Bruckner's adaptation. Unquestionably he has considerably compressed the original version and modified the didactic temper. Although his middle, most influential, plays aimed to bring drama closer to "common life," Lessing reverted in "Nathan" to the general practices of the classic French drama, both as to tone and scenic rhythm—the tone consciously exalted, the rhythm building toward isolated key scenes. This premises an inescapable literary quality, and the deliberate direction respects this quality. Herbert Berghof, however, brings the central character of Nathan vividly to life by a performance at the same time racially and spiritually interpretative in the fullest degree.

The other performers suffer by comparison; only beautiful Olive Deering, now dreamy, now fiery, reads the blank verse with full authority. She, like the others, is splendidly costumed, with a fine eye for color contrasts, by Rose Bogdanoff. *(At the Belasco.)*

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Tiger! Tiger! Burning Bright

RUDYARD KIPLING has seen some strange things done to his stories in the films. Except for the animals and names, he wouldn't recognize his *"Jungle Book."* Laurence Stallings wrote the stilted dialogue and dull, confused screenplay that are supposed to be adapted from the Kipling tale. The animals are there, and in most cases grand and thrilling to behold: the leopard that lives by law of claw and fang, elephants, wolves, the black panther, the bear, and the villain of the piece—the tiger, the man eater, who kills for the sake of killing and has the mark of Cain on him. For no reason at all the film has an introduction and epilogue which show Joseph Calleia telling the story. And the story itself concerns Mowgli, raised from a baby by wolves, who continues his search for the villain-tiger even after the boy returns to the village to live with his real mother. Men are also the villains, especially the three Indians whose lust for gold leads the film into sermons that become too obvious. Three members of the Korda family are mainly responsible for "Jungle Book." Alexander produced, Zoltan directed and Vincent bossed the technicolor. This color is lovely in some of the deep forest scenes, a little too lush in some sets. And it is no help in making the phony python and cobra real. These two artificialities in the cast have one strike against them, anyway, in the sound track. While most of the animals have sense enough to talk in animal talk, these snakes hiss in English. Sabu, who looks more convincing as he swings from tree to tree than does Johnny Weismuller's Tarzan, is one of the acceptable features of "Jungle Book." He saves the picture from being overweighted by the humans that clutter up the whole thing. Next time let's have Sabu and the animals without canvas pythons and philosophical epigramarians with cracks like: "What is the book of life but the struggle between village and jungle!"

Sometimes when films go didactic they go overboard in their enthusiasm to preach. The Hardy family and its modern civilization even surpasses Kipling's Mowgli and his uncivilization in this respect. In *"The Courtship of Andy Hardy"* absent-minded, warm-hearted, fatherly Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) enlists Andy (Mickey Rooney) to help him straighten up young Melodie Nesbit (Donna Reed), a girl with a terrific inferiority complex that was brought on by her scrapping, on-the-verge-of-divorce parents. These Hardy pictures usually have their heart in the right place, but this one goes too far in its sermonizing. Every now and then it forgets to be entertainment while the Judge or Andy stop everything to give a lecture. The Judge says, "The basis of our whole civilization is the family group." So the Hardys get to work on each other and their associates while we patiently wait for Agnes Christine Johnston's screenplay to swing into action. The lectures include well-selected words on divorce, drinking, short dresses, balancing your budget, obeying your parents, raising children. Director George B. Seitz tried from time to time to fashion this into a movie, but some sermons just don't make lively cinema. This one doesn't.

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"Dangerously They Live" brings up the espionage-nazi agent aspect of the war again—an aspect that Hollywood has practically worn out with overcoverage. This film takes place in and around New York back in the days before we were in the war—when, as hero John Garfield says, we were supposed to be friends of the nazis. Its script has a slightly novel twist in that Garfield is a young interne who can't decide whether his patient (Nancy Coleman) really is working for the British Intelligence or whether she's a victim of amnesia as she pretends she is. When a man who says he's her father brings in Raymond Massey, as a famous psychiatrist, and when this father and Doc Massey act very nazispyish, we as well as Garfield are very suspicious. But when this whole group moves out to Long Island and starts maneuvering in a house too carefully guarded by thugs, we are certain there's a nazi in the woodpile somewhere. All suspicions become well founded and everyone lives dangerously indeed under Robert Florey's cinema-wise direction. Everything works out according to formula however; the nazis don't sink the convoy; and John does get Nancy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Reconciliation of Opposites

Medieval Humanism. Gerald G. Walsh, S.J. Macmillan. $1.00.

TWO contradictory objections are brought against the notion of Christian humanism. On the one hand it is said that it is not Christian enough. This was the objection of the pious folk who would have nothing to do with pagan art or pagan science, and who accused Saint Thomas of trying to baptize Aristotle. On the other hand, it is said that Christian humanism is a contradiction in terms, that a Christian has his attention so concentrated on the life to come that he has little respect for or interest in the goods which men can attain in this life. The Christian hates his life in this world that he may gain life eternal. I can remember learning in my undergraduate history courses that interest in the good things of human life disappeared in the middle ages and only reappeared with that great burst of enlightenment—the renaissance. Since then a great deal of scholarly and philosophic work has corrected this judgment. But in the academic backwaters students are still taught that it was impossible to build a civilization on the sweeping renunciation of the earth preached by Christianity.

Father Walsh's little book undertakes to answer this repeated charge in terms of an analysis of Christian humanism and a history of its development. Man's natural happiness consists not in an exclusive pursuit of any one good, no matter how noble that good may be, but in the pursuit of a whole of goods well-ordered. Not knowledge or pleasure or virtue or wealth alone, but all of these in the right proportion constitute the happiness attainable by man on this earth. The Christian humanist sees this natural whole elevated to a supernatural level and perfected by the gifts of Grace. Imperfect human knowledge is supplemented by revelation; conscience is directed by divine counsels and commands; taste for beauty, natural passion, fancy—all are elevated and made perfect by Grace. The natural goods achieved by centuries of painful effort are sanctified by Christianity and welded into an integral Christian culture. Since this process took place in time, Father Walsh then sketches the historical processes by which Greek philosophy, Roman law and administrative skill, Celtic fancy, and Teutonic feeling were assimilated to a Christian culture. The almost perfect balance of these elements was achieved in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He takes as representative of the full development of medieval humanism two figures: Saint Thomas Aquinas and Dante. It was the genius of Saint Thomas that formulated the principles for integrating all human goods with the Divine Revelation. And the Divine Comedy realizes in poetic form the reconciliation of those opposites which the modern world has torn apart: reason and revelation, liberty and law, beauty and grace.

MORTIMER J. ADLER.

BIOGRAPHY

Commodore Vanderbilt. Wheaton J. Lane. Knopf. $3.75.

MOST READERS are apt to like this biography, but few will read every page of it. Winner of the first Knopf Fellowship in Biography, it has set a high standard, even though it is somewhat verbose. The book is designated by the publisher as the first modern biography of Vanderbilt. Just why a biography would have to be modern in order to be good is not made clear. Modern or not, it is the best account available of the famous Commodore. Cornelius Vanderbilt, accorded a degree of immortality by the New York Central Railway and Grand Central Terminal in New York City, left so few letters and other personal records that the excellence of the biography is all the more impressive. The wealth of material used in the preparation of the study makes it very evident that this is not one of the atrocious "psychological" biographies. The book is based on research, not on a fertile imagination.

The biography neither glorifies nor condemns Vanderbilt. Tracing him from his ferry boat business into the coastal trade, then into oceanic transportation to California and to Europe, and finally, into railroading, the author is willing to admit that the Commodore used a code of ethics appreciably below that acceptable to ethicists, but which was little if any worse than the codes used in business circles in nineteenth century America. It is made clear that Vanderbilt allowed himself to be "bought off"; that "All his actions were frankly for selfish purposes . . ."; that although he usually posed as a great individualist, he was not above petitioning the New York legislature for protection against a competitor, even while Vanderbilt himself was hiring ". . . a gang to wreck the new landing . . ." of the competitor; that Vanderbilt was responsible for the addition of nearly fifty million dollars' worth of watered stock to his railway holdings within a period of three years; that although he was the outstanding promoter of his age, ". . . Vanderbilt was an ignorant man." The energy and ability of the man who was able to increase his wealth from eleven million dollars in 1853 to twenty million dollars in 1861, and then to one hundred million dollars by 1877, are made clear and tangible.

Enough of the family relationships and connections are included to make the biography a human document. It is regrettable that practically all of the Commodore's correspondence was destroyed after it had served its immediate purpose. Had such material been available, the book might have been a more intimate portrayal. As it is, the subject must be understood in the light of his accomplish-

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ments. These have been well presented. The reader can decide for himself whether Vanderbilt was an asset or a liability to the nation. It is made clear that such an appraisal will be of no immediate concern to the Commodore, or to his latest and best biograper, Dr. Lane. Good maps, an ample bibliographical "Note" of thirty-one pages, a detailed index, and reproductions of engravings and photographs enhance the value of this very good example of biographical writing. PAUL KINIERY.

Cross Creek. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribner's. $2.50.

WHEN Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings spent her inheritance on Cross Creek, Florida, twelve years ago, she purchased the background for three novels, and the total materials for "Cross Creek." These materials include the wild hammock country between two lakes, the handful of poor whites and blacks who are her neighbors, her rambling farm house, "toady-frogs, lizards, antses, and varmints," the foods she cooks, her seventy-two-acre orange grove, and the passing of the four seasons. But what she did not purchase with any inheritance, except her own delicate insight as an artist, is the ability to evoke the beauty of elemental things.

Cross Creek is no Cranford of the South, however; no drowsy corner of the world where life flows by uneventfully. The Creek folk, memorable all of them, have sufficient violence in their lives to furnish a dozen novels. Yet events and characters do not account for the spell which the book weaves. They are stones dropped into the shining surface of the author's experience, and it is her wisdom, pity, sense of humor and tenderness which illuminate the concentric circles, wave upon wave, as they spread out giving a drift and meaning to what has happened. Nor should the reader suppose, when he has passed the chapters about the people and has met the great spirit of Martha, the unique Townsends, the classic loyalty of Geechee, and Moe, that the concluding chapters on animals, food and the seasons will be a let-down. The hunt for rattlesnakes is as good as the bear hunt in "The Yearling"; the foods leave the recipes of Della T. Lutes out of sight, fit only for amateur gourmets; and the coming of the seasons is more sharply exciting than the discovery of the female servant in bed with both husband and sweetheart. The style is like an incantation of southern wind through palms and hibiscus; yet it is never merely decorative.

Chesterton wrote one of the better autobiographies in the English language—almost entirely about other people. This partial autobiography by a Pulitzer prize winner is about the people of the Creek and their country. Yet in its total innocence of egotism it is a remarkably revealing cross-section of the life of the author. It is well to pause with her and, by viewing her world through her eyes, come to know a brave and beautiful personality.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

Edgar Allan Poe. Arthur Hobson Quinn. Appleton. $5.00.

EXHAUSTIVE is the word for Dr. Quinn's critical biography, in whose seven hundred pages seemingly every fact and theory about Poe is laboriously considered. Whether a technique of such terrifying Teutonic thoroughness is appropriate to the strange, wayward genius and life of Poe is considerable of a question; at least it would have delighted him, for he loved the academic attitude and often faked it in his own work. The book also will

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delight Poe specialists, for it is a monument of research, but it will hardly help the average reader to form a better idea of Poe than is supplied by his tales, poetry, and criticism. Dr. Quinn's passion for detail is so great that the main outlines of his subject, though clear to him, are obscured for the general reader by the mass of evidence presented. Much of it is new: the theatrical record of Poe's parents; the malicious forgeries of Rufus Griswold, Poe's first biographer; Poe's relations with the women in his life. But this material is clumsily presented in undigested form—for instance, a War Department form letter in reply to an inquiry about Poe's army record is given in full in the text—and the reader is soon lost in a sea of facts. Dr. Quinn's weaknesses as a literary critic and as a writer weigh heavily against his excellence as a fact-finder, and bar this book from ranking as the definitive life of Poe. MASON WADE.

Rogue's Legacy. Babette Deutsch. Coward. $2.75.

FRANÇOIS VILLON seems to have a perpetual attraction for some people. That this should be true of his poetry is understandable enough, for there is no verse like it in any literature I know—no verse which so wonderfully succeeds in blending bitterness and piety and personal gibes and music and mystery. It is also hopelessly untranslateable. Perhaps it took a life like his to produce such poetry; perhaps he likes to make you believe he was a greater rogue than he was. In any case his life, as reconstructed from his verse and from the little we know apart from his own testimony, has never seemed over attractive to me. Of course it was bohemian enough to suit a thousand young poets-to-be—full of wenching and drinking and getting on the wrong side of the law. It certainly has nothing bourgeois to it! And that may account for its appeal.

Babette Deutsch tells the story again in the form of a novel, with plenty of pity and romantic yearning. Also plenty of squalor, blood and depravity. Her translations of the poetry are as good as such things ever are—and no better. They give little notion of the stature of the man's achievement. (Why could she not have put in the originals, at least in footnotes?) But when one is all through with it, one wonders whether these 400 pages were really worth the trouble. Here is not a grand adventure yarn, but the sordid case history of a weak and gifted character going to wrack and ruin. No matter how well you write such matter, you do little at the end but give the reader a dirty taste for his mouth. The illustrations are pleasant.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

FICTION

Arise from Sleep. Elizabeth Delehanty. Viking. $2.50.

HERE is a book of which you will not say, "another war story." To many it will seem an exciting and sorry tale of the downfall of reason and the inexorable rise of force in a disintegrating world fashioned by the violence of the fascists. However that may be, this first novel is a brilliant, breath-taking story.

Paula Marshall, on the eve of war, is making a quick trip to Italy to induce her aunt to return to America. Robert Warburton, American businessman, Paganini, a murderous, jewel-stealing fascist, Professor Cave, a conspirator of the Ignazio Silone type, are her shipboard companions. A fine story of love springing up between Paula and Robert, a telling portrait of the megalomaniac Paganini and a gripping pursuit story emerge from a background of a sick and unwholesome pre-war Europe. This novel is remarkable for the subtlety and rightness with which Miss Delehanty relates the unbearable anxiety suffered by Paula when events compel her to live in a savage, scheming fascist environment with habits adjusted to the serene, reasoned life which she experienced in the New England town of Tyringham. Paula is reluctantly reconciled to the idea that to survive, democrats, at the expense of reason and orderliness, for the moment at least must abandon the good life and take to arms.

Her conversion to this conviction is convincingly made out. She suffers from paralyzing fear which drives her to run away from conflict because she sees in struggle a threat to her most prized possession—a calm and stable life. Fear she conquers when she determines to react upon and against the evil forces bent upon her destruction.

Reading this book will remind you of Graham Greene, James M. Cain and Geoffrey Household. Its style is crisp and visual. The imagery is a curious blend of the blunt and delicate. Altogether a notable contribution to imaginative writing in our day. JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

The Children. Nina Fedorova. Little. $2.50.

FEW WRITERS have surpassed the classic nineteenth century Russians at the art of narrative. And this talent still flourishes both in the land of the Soviets as well as among the White Russians exiled to the four corners of the earth. Nina Fedorova to a superior degree has the gift of telling a story. Her central love story in "The Children" is imbedded in a dozen minor narratives, each a little gem of ease and skill.

Whether it is the story how the blonde singer, Lida, won over the boys of Shanghai and protected an aging fortune-teller from their depredations, or the pathetic account of the way Alla and Mr. Ngnuiahma came to be married or how Dasha came to give her young life for the cause of communism, the author presents a memorable vignette. And all she ever seems to need is a few short paragraphs. Her skill with characters and situations is no less marked. Readers will not soon forget how the idle Pitchers dragged through each day in Harbin, how much the Platovs relished "celestial traveling" (imaginary journeys to distant lands) or the author's sharp portrayal of the philanthropic efforts of the contemptuous Miss Grouse and the bouncing Mrs. Brown.

True to the European tradition "The Children" is also a novel of ideas. It asks most of the important questions. One of the most striking is embodied in the inability of the pallid American, Mr. Rind, to convince the ardent young communist, Dasha, that American democracy and our high material standards have anything to offer her. Both Dasha and Lida, who is a Christian, are willing to die for their faith, and Dasha proves it. One of the professors in the book suggests that the world has finally grown so small that the peoples of the modern world cannot live together unless some common unity, some universal viewpoint, is accepted by everyone. "The Children" also has in the Mother Abbess a protagonist whose ideas and character bear a striking resemblance to Father Francis Chisholm of "The Keys of the Kingdom." Christianity as the author presents it tends more and more toward a vague if warm humanitarianism. In this as in the way she writes of poverty, courage, people and many other things Nina Fedorova is a present-day Charles Dickens. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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The Inner Forum

Vatican Yellow Book

EVER SINCE the outbreak of the war, the Holy See has published an annual account of the Pope's public activities. Although not a strictly official publication, it is based on the most reliable sources and it is generally known as the "Vatican Yellow Book." A recent issue of the London *Tablet* quotes at some length from the book's summary of Pius XII's charitable activities during 1941 in connection with the war.

One of the most important phases of that activity is the work of the Vatican Information Office for prisoners of war. "Numerous priests, monks, nuns and young students of divinity are devoting much of their free time to this work. The Vatican Radio Station has also given most valuable cooperation in conveying news between prisoners and their families. Thanks to this radio station, the Vatican Information Office in the Secretariat of State remains in constant touch with Papal Nuncios and Delegates in all parts of the globe."

Nuncios in various parts of the world have been of considerable assistance to prisoners of war and interned enemy aliens. German and Italian prisoners in Australia have been assisted by the Apostolic Delegate. Prisoners in Egypt and Palestine were, through the good offices of the Apostolic Delegate there, permitted by the British authorities to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The Papal Nuncio to Italy has been assisting war prisoners there, and similar relief work has been carried on by Papal Delegates to Canada and Great Britain.

"The Holy See has also organized aid in territories afflicted by the war. The Bishops of France, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland have received funds to relieve hardship. Similar action was carried on in Slovenia, Croatia, Scandinavia and Serbia. The Holy Father has watched with special anxiety over the fate of the Greek population; since August, 1941, diplomatic negotiations have been afoot with a view to foodstuffs being delivered to the Greeks. The Apostolic Delegate in Athens received considerable funds for the purchase of food." Assistance given to the Poles includes: the sending of dried fruit and condensed milk to Poland itself, the maintenance of Polish refugee camps in a number of countries, the setting up of Polish refugee offices with the various Nuncios, representation of refugees in diplomatic circles and the facilitation of their emigration to this country.

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